Beginnings of Genius

Louise Seaman Bechtel

We ALL know that in each child, when he is very small, there is something so strongly, loudly, firmly himself, so persistently individual, that it rejects all that does not respond to this particular mysterious chemistry of his being. The importance of this individualism is tremendously respected in Walter de la Mare's *Early One Morning in the Spring;* and the subtle insight with which it is portrayed is particularly welcome, for in spite of all the biographies and novels in which children play important roles, real revelations of the child's heart and mind are not too easily come by. In this connection, read particularly Mr. de la Mare's chapter on "Memory;" it is wonderful, sane writing, wise and rich in its implications.

Mr. de la Mare is, above all, our interpreter of genius. He is all gentleness and liberality in his ideas of child training. He is very serious about children being themselves before they are three or four years old. He is rather satiric about child psychology which he connects with various measurements and statistics, yet he quotes with respect Professor Thorndike and Norsworthy and Whitley.

His book is essentially a study of the beginnings of genius. It chooses its bits from many kinds of lives, not all of which are literary. The significant parallel between these lives lies in the fact that the great people of this book were most of them "great" as little children. They were reading Latin and Greek at five; they knew five languages at eight; most of them read the Bible and Shakespeare and other adult tomes before they were ten. They were either terrifically tutored, or terrifically left alone. They were either very happy, concentrating on some special aptitude, or very miserable with a misery that spoke out later according to their genius.

Besides all of this study of childhood, the book also gives a remarkable social picture of England, and we see a world quite different from our own—its schools, good and bad; its homes, rich and poor, bookish and scientific, in country and city, some of the far past, some of the near past. In these homes, two things stand out. First, the child, however brilliant, is considered "merely a child." He is left much alone, he probably has little contact with children, he has much contact with adults. And second, the child is always able to see and feel the fact that, in spite of a rigid class and caste system, it is "character"—the quality of the rare individual—which counts in the world, whether found in the kitchen or stable, or in the family group and its friends.

Pictures and quotations, very English backgrounds and theories—we are happy to have Mr. de la Mare's book for what it is. I quarrel with it only because of his scissors and paste. They separate these young lives into topics, and I like my cases complete. Like all topical anthologies, his stirs me to make my own, and in mine we should try to see our young geniuses whole, so far as the records go.

I might begin my book by collecting all the references to the one un-indexed name in his book—*De la Mare, Walter*—by completing the patchwork of the boyhood so often and so modestly referred to. Then I'd take, of course, the boyhood of H. G. Wells. We cannot help thinking today of his early relation to just the books that his mind craved, as vividly told in his autobiography. Next, I should put that remarkable boyhood—his own—described by Proust at the beginning of *Swann's Way*. I should certainly include much of Lincoln Steffens' *Boy on Horseback*. Then, because these stories are so well known, I should go on to childhoods about which fewer people may have read. And lest we seem perhaps too literary, I would not choose poets; and since we are in America today, I might choose three "success stories."

The first I found in *Seventy Years of Archæology* by Sir Flinders Petrie. It is a book thrilling, illuminating, and astonishing in its revelation of the labor behind the writing of a single date in history. I recommend it for older boys who may not see the point of their ancient history lessons or who are bored by visits to museums. Petrie, born in 1853,

began collecting coins at eight, ceased all "tuition" at ten, and in the same year began the important British Surveys which were to continue all his life. The stories told at home when he was a boy gave him a vivid sense of a widely adventurous family past. At the age of four he and his grandmother walked five miles to Greenwich and back to see the Nelson relics. His mother's love of languages led her to have him tutored in French, Latin, and Greek; but at eight he had a collapse and was forbidden to study anything for two years. When he began again, he simply could not learn any language, and his schooling was therefore stopped entirely. He was left to his own devices, and these led him to ransack the local shops for coins. His mother had some rare old coins and had taught him about them at her knee. She also had a collection of minerals. This led him to chip off specimens of stone in streets and gutters. As a boy of six, he found some old books on minerology and inorganic chemistry, and with these as inspiration he tested, tried, weighed, made tables and charts and messes. His father was interested in electrical and chemical engineering and discussed them seriously with the little boy. The whole story of the other steps that led him to Egypt and to the life of a great archæologist is fascinating. But the significant facts of this boyhood are the tremendous influence exerted upon the child by adults, his failure in the contemporary educational system, his discovery of the right adult scientific material to fill his own needs, and—the straight line from the coins at his mother's knee to digging in Egypt.

Let us have a girl next, as depicted in the recent memoir of Gertrude Jekyll, our greatest modern woman gardener. She was born in London, but moved to the country when she was four. Her brothers led her an adventurous, active life, on ponies and on an old raft, until they went off to school. From that time on she was much alone. She watched the gardeners at work in shrubbery and borders and plant-houses.

She says, "If you will take any flower you please, and look it over and smell it and feel it and try to find out all its secrets, not of flower only, but of leaf, bud, and stem as well, you will discover many wonderful things. This is how to make friends with plants, and very good friends you will find them to the end of your lives. I had got to know them as friends when a little child, long before I could find out what their names were."

Then at nine years, a governess gave her as a school textbook an adult botany, John's *Flowers of the Field*; throughout her life it remained one of the books that gave her greatest pleasure. Her father was interested in mechanics and had a well equipped workshop built for his sons with a good workman in charge. There the little girl worked, too. She describes it as a "kind of heaven of varied delights. An early acquaintance with tools and materials and mechanism is a valuable possession in anyone's life. It has meant that I have always taken much pleasure in working and in seeing things grow under my hand."

Other adults from whom she learned much were the village people—the carpenter, the mail carrier, the saddler, and a neighbor who was interested in astronomy. The rest of her story you must read for yourselves—how in a milieu in which the bohemian life of an artist was scorned, she persisted in getting a professional art training, and at last became a world famous landscape gardener.

The last tale for my sequel to Mr. de la Mare will be the story of the childhood of Lawrence of Arabia, "T. E. Shaw" of the Royal Tank Corps, author of the superb *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, and translator of the *Odyssey*. Those who know him only from his books should read the one authentic life of him; it is by his friend, the poet Robert Graves. Graves says that Lawrence was one of the three only good men he ever knew. Again, he says that aside from Lawrence's spectacular contribution to history, he was one of the few people who deserved to be left quite alone by the world "to maintain that rare personal liberty which so very few people are capable of maintaining." Now this is the sort of childhood Lawrence had: He was one of five sons. His mother was a woman of quiet decision and power who often remarked, "We could never be bothered in our house with girls." He went to various schools abroad and in England, and took an interest in archæology which people thought unhealthy in a child. He made a secret arrangement with city workmen to give him any pieces of pottery they dug up and soon he was an expert on pottery of the Middle Ages. At the age of thirteen, he began a series of bicycle tours of England, alone. At this time he also made a large collection of brass rubbings from ancient monuments, besides studying archæology. He never told when he would be home and preferred to return late at night by an upper window. In his vacations he made eight tours of France, studying and mapping castles, and living on practically nothing. He took no interest

in school games, because, he said, "They were organized. They had rules. They had results." He was at Oxford for three years, in which he attended three courses, and studied chiefly French provencial poetry and medieval chansons. At twenty, he made a four months' trip alone through Syria, living with the natives, studying Crusaders' castles. This led to his archæological work in Syria, and directly to his work for the Arabs in the Great War. Here was a genius —yes; but no one knew he was one until later years. His blessing was that he was let alone!

It is odd how the pattern of these great people in their youth runs true to the same general design; I need not even point it out. They were mostly quite the opposite of the so-called normal modern American child. Their minds were forced far beyond any I.Q. test we might invent or apply—or, if not forced, these gifted young minds leaped ahead of their own accord. And it is thrilling to an adult to read of this leaping and stirring to our belief in man's capabilities.

It is probable that most of our children are ready for "strong meat" before we give it to them.

In a discussion of *The Contribution of Adolescents to the Literature of Escape,* which recently appeared in *69 Bank Street* (the magazine published by the Bureau of Educational Experiments), a young English teacher shows us what she calls the "boiling" going on inside the "nice" child:

(*Continued on page 256*)

From "Early One Morning in the Spring" by Walter de la Mare

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When memory becomes art, it refines and distils from early experience the very essence of the child's heart and mind. This subtle alchemy, described here by one who is himself an artist, is the quality for which the selections which follow have been chosen.

THAT men of genius have deemed their own (memories) not only worth the trouble of recording, but of sovereign interest in themselves has already been made clear. And one of their reasons for this may be that suggested by Mr. Herbert Read in *The Innocent Eye:*

"The echoes of my (later) life which I find in my early childhood are too many to be dismissed as vain coincidences; but it is perhaps my conscious life which is the echo, the only real experiences in life being those lived with a virgin sensibility—so that we only hear a tone once, only see a color once, see, hear, touch, taste, and smell everything but once, the first time. . . ."

How many "real experiences"—*onces*—of *this* nature can we ourselves retrieve?—such "meetings" as our first winter snowdrop or February crocus, the liquid sweetness of wallflowers beneath a sunny window, the touch of linen, silk or velvet, of human hand or breast or cheek; the triumph of mastering even a button—Prythee, let *me* undo this button! Or a sentence of three syllables; the clutch of a coveted object; light, sunbeam, moonshadow; rebuke, comfort; loved one gone, loved one come back? And what of dread and terror, grief and desolation? A host of such events have been among our earliest experiences. It is the definite placing of them that memory usually forbids. Vanished beyond hope of recovery must remain for all but a very few of us the *first* pure perception of any now-familiar object or feeling, the sheer primal miracle that made it at its moment for the first time ours. Even concerning much later perceptions the most delicate of efforts may be in vain. But now and then, and as if by enchantment, the little theatre of the mind may surrender *the* very image of something—of a vast placid grazing carthorse, let us say, a coarse-ridged oak-bough seen very close, a towering field of buttercups, one's own mother's face or attitude at a particular instant—as one saw it then. It is an instantaneous revelation of the abyss that divides us from our childhood.

There are simple onces and complex onces. The convolvulus of my childhood had not the wondrous blue of Mr. Kendon's succory flower. The succory

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had neither the waxen huelessness nor symmetry of the convolvulus. What the two flowers, apart from their beauty, had in common was a child's instant acceptance, and a delight in them worthy of their marvel. For even if this were my first convolvulus, it must instantly have evoked many memories, and one secret part of its influence was due to its coming upon me in a certain mood. Had I that morning been miserable or running away from home or in a frenzy of fear, how different a *"once"* its effect would have been. Such is the sorcery of emotion. One hardly knows which situation is the more inviting to analyze—Titania's infatuation for ass-headed Bully Bottom, or *vice versa*. Comparatively simple *"onces"* even quite late in life can be a reviving reward; and in the ordinary daily round need not be very infrequent. Only this morning, for insignificant example, I noticed for the first time when pouring a little milk into a cup how like the trill of a bird was the noise of the fall of its last interrupted cascade.

The very earliest years of childhood then cannot but have been pressed down and running over with fresh, novel, vivid, sharp, engrossing, dumbfounding sensations, perceptions and imaginings. And the first twelve will deposit perhaps the richest part of that mysterious mental sediment we call the subconscious, whereon the very tap-roots of the judgment and the imagination feed. No wonder then if *memories* of childhood (for the rememberer at any rate) usually have a glint, a glamour, a bright particular sharpness, a reanimation all but peculiar to themselves.

"I know nothing," says Thomas Holcroft, "that tends so much as the anecdotes of childhood, when faithfully recorded, to guide the philosopher through that very abstruse but important labyrinth, the gradations that lead to the full stature, peculiar form, temperament, character, and qualities of the man."

Such memories afford, says George Crabb, "the purest of enjoyments and serve the noblest of purposes; the recollection of all the minute incidents of childhood is a more sincere pleasure than any which the present moment can afford." And George Crabb was the author not of *Tiny Tales for Teeny Tots*, or *Rollicking Rhymes for Rampageous Little Rascals*, or *Sparrow Pasty*, but of that solid and invaluable book, *English Synonyms Explained*. And it is Autobiography, of course, collections of reminiscences, and, less fruitfully, Lives and Memoirs, that are the treasury of such recollections.

From "Good-Bye for the Present" by Eleanor Acland

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If one is branded a thief, why not be a thief? The effects of suspicion—of adult "expecting the worst"—are revealed in Milly's career as a "nursery gangster" in the making.

IT OCCURRED to George that the white cones inside the raspberries would make perfect almonds to decorate our pies as we used to see Anne Parke decorate an apple shape for the dining-room. So, as we ate each raspberry, we stuck an almond into place with ravishing effect. But thirty almonds don't go far, and we soon wanted more. There were plenty to be obtained close at hand on the raspberry-canes, and Milly volunteered to go and collect some.

"But you *mayn't* have more than ten raspberries," George objected.

"I mayn't *eat* any more," Milly agreed. "But nor I will. I'll throw 'em away and bring back the almonds."

"But Barley!" George whispered.

"You and Betty go on playing, and I'll be very quick. She won't notice I've gone."

So it was settled, and George's unquestioning faith in her honorable intentions stood between Milly and any temptation not to throw away the raspberries that she picked.

But grown-ups are not so trustful.

"Where's Miss Milly?" asked Barley's voice. "Go and have a look."

The nursery-maid discovered her behind the raspberry-canes and haled her forth with a handful of "almonds" clutched in her sticky palm. Without hesitation, she was accused, judged, and sentenced, her tearful explanations borne down by a "Don't talk to me." She was made to sit silent on the bench

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beside Barley till it was time to go in to bed, forbidden to go near the kitchen garden, docked of her ration of raspberries for a week.

In Milly's heart sadness over the shattered good-an-appiness, and resentment at unescapable injustice, mingled and resulted in a determination that by hook or by crook she would make her way every day to the kitchen garden and secure her fair portion of raspberries. For three days she carried out this plan. For three days George and Betty secreted one or two of their own share of fruit and offered them to Milly behind Barley's back.

"No," said Milly, "I don't want your raspberries. I don't like raspberries." (Fair is fair, even when one is laboring under injustice, and Milly had had the full share due to her, though it would be imprudent to admit as much even to her fellows.)

But inevitably, on the fourth day, Milly was caught between the holly-hedge and the raspberry-bushes and pronounced a thief, a wicked thief. "Who'd of believed it, even of Miss Milly?" she heard the nursery-maid say. All the household discussed her iniquity with that gusto which any *cause célèbre* arouses.

Wray, the gardener, was warned, in Milly's presence, to keep a look-out for her and to report if he saw her in the kitchen garden. Anne Parke was told and shrugged her shoulders. George and Betty were told.

"So that's why she wouldn't take our raspberries," said George.

"What's that?" Barley pricked up her ears.

"We were sorry for her, and we kept some of ours for her, but she wouldn't have them."

"I should think not indeed. And what business you to be sorry for a thief? That'll teach you," said Barley. Nobody was sorry for the thief. Even the other children looked askance at her.

The worst day of all was coming, the day of Father's and Mother's return that should have been so radiant. But now all the "telling" was to culminate in: "Your Mother shall be told this. A nice thing for her to hear when she gets home." George and Betty rushed round from the garden to the front door the moment they heard the carriage coming down the avenue. But Milly lurked in the thick of the shrubberies, dreading to see Mother's face. She would never be able to explain, never. It was all such a hopeless tangle.

Oh, yes, a wretched tangle indeed. For Milly was no longer the innocent victim of a miscarriage of justice. She was, in fact, guilty in her own eyes and in the eyes of the All-seeing. For on the last of those expeditions to the garden Milly went and broke the nursery law. Ten raspberries counted out on a plate or a cabbage-leaf and placed before each child —well, there is an end of the matter. But, crouching amid all the lovely plenty of fruit that hangs among the leaves, with an anxious eye on the watch against discovery, who can be sure of counting exactly ten? And, once you have lost count, what is there between you and an extra two or three? You are no longer fettered by the assumed unbreakableness of the law. Why not gobble another mouthful?

So that, one way and another, when Mother at last discovered Milly hidden in the shrubbery and put her arms round her, it was but a sorry muddled tale that was blurted out to her.

"I didn't steal raspberries. I did steal raspberries. Only afterward."

"Well, anyhow," said Mother, "you aren't going to steal any more. You are sorry. Tell Barley you are sorry. I have told her nothing more is to be heard about it at all."

How satisfactory and pleasant it would be if the story ended there; if I could look back at a Milly who acted up to Mother's fond trust in her. But it didn't happen like that. Far otherwise.

A while ago stealing had been unthinkable. Then, suddenly, unawares, Milly had become, in the eyes of her little world, "the thief." And though, in obedience to the mistress's decree, no more was said about the particular case of the raspberries, yet when anything was missing the finger of suspicion was more or less openly pointed at Milly. How fatally easy to argue: 'If I'm called a thief, I may as well be one. It's horrid to be called a thief, but it's rather fun to be one." How many days or weeks later I cannot say, but before long, Milly, not for the first time, got her fingers into the toffee-tin that was kept on a shelf in the same cupboard as the toys, was seized by the shoulders, slewed around, made to open her mouth, and there was the toffee glued to her teeth. Quite justly, she was smacked and put to bed. On the night-nursery table stood three piles of biscuits and the nursery mug out of which we drank our evening milk.

There was a picture in *Punch* not long ago of a child sitting up in a hospital bed with a mug of milk in her hand, asking the nurse: "How far down am I allowed to drink?" "How pathetic!" people said. But I remembered our nursery supper, and the white

mug which had three horizontal mauve stripes running round it, and how strictly we were forbidden to drink more than down to the level of the next stripe.

That night, alone in the night-nursery, exhausted and thirsty after a violent fit of crying, Milly took a huge gulp and swallowed a good half of the milk instead of the ordained third.

What now? Really she couldn't stand another bout of slapping and scolding and disgrace. Easy to fill up the mug to the correct level from the water-bottle on the washing-stand. It's done and into bed with her, and so the wretched day was over. Not quite over. In half an hour or so Betty was brought along to bed. Milly listened to her crunching her biscuits, and then:

"Barley, the milk's funny."

"Nonsense, Miss Betty."

"You try it."

"M-m. 'Tis a bit watery."

"P'raps Milly put water in it."

"Oh, don't worrit me. Not even Miss Milly would have the imperence to do such a thing."

"Wouldn't she though? That's all Barley knows," Milly said to herself, with her head buried in pretense sleep under the bed-clothes. She didn't care. She was glad. She stole the toffee and got found out. Now she'd watered the milk and not got found out. So that was one up to her.

A sort of rollicking naughtiness took hold of her. It was fine to be a bad girl, and to fool that hateful Barley and that silly little Betty. Desperate character, this Milly! All about a little drop of milk! But, indeed, there was a tinge of desperation in her mood. She was on the edge, as it were, of becoming a nursery gangster, with her hand against every man's.

But Mother's loving common sense came to deliver her. Next morning Milly was marched down to the drawing-room, and Barley, with sour dudgeon, reported in a tone which clearly implied: "You took Miss Milly's part about that raspberry-stealing business. Now perhaps you will see what I have to put up with."

When Barley had left the room Mother was silent for a space, and then said, more gravely than Milly had up till then heard her speak: "I must say it's difficult to know what to do about you, Milly. But I think you had better punish yourself this time, as you seem to think it's unjust when other people punish you. What do you think would be a fair punishment?"

"No sweets for a week when the others have theirs," Milly promptly suggested, and so it was agreed.

From "Jeremy" by Hugh Walpole

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The sequel to Jeremy's socalled "lie" illustrates how easily mountains may be made from molehills in the name of "discipline"—and with what devastating consequences.

JEREMY awoke to the consciousness that something terrific was about to occur. He lay for a minute thinking—then he was up, running about the nursery floor as though he were a young man in Mr. Rossetti's poetry shouting: "Helen! Mary! Mary! Helen! . . . It's Dick Whittington! Dick Whittington!"

On such occasions he lost entirely his natural reserve and caution. He dressed with immense speed, as though that would hasten the coming of the evening. He ran into the nursery, carrying the black tie that went under his sailor-collar.

He held it out to the Jampot, who eyed him with disfavor. She was leaving them all in a week and was a strange confusion of sentiment and bad temper, love and hatred, wounded pride, and injured dignity.

"Nurse. Please. Fasten it," he said impatiently.

"And that's not the way to speak, Master Jeremy, and well you know it," she said. " 'Ave you cleaned your teeth?"

"Yes," he answered without hesitation. It was not until the word was spoken that he realized that he had not. He flushed. The Jampot eyed him with a sudden sharp suspicion. He was then and ever afterward a very bad hand at a lie. . . .

He would have taken the word back, he wanted to take it back—but something held him as though a stronger than he had placed his hand over his mouth. His face flamed.

"You've truly cleaned them?" she said.

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"Yes, truly," he answered, his eyes on the ground. Never was there a more obvious liar in all the world.

She said no more; he moved to the fireplace. His joy was gone. There was a cold clammy sensation about his heart. Slowly, very slowly, the consciousness stole upon him that he was a liar. He had not thought it a lie when he had first spoken, now he knew.

Still there was time. Had he turned round and spoken, all might still have been well. But now obstinacy held him. He was not going to give the Jampot an opportunity for triumphing over him. After all, he *would* clean them as soon as she went to brush Helen's hair. In a moment what he had said would be true.

But he was miserable. Hamlet came up from the nether regions where he had spent the night, showing his teeth, wagging his tail, and even rolling on the cockatoos. Jeremy paid no attention. The weight in his heart grew heavier and heavier. He watched, from under his eyelids, the Jampot. In a moment she must go into Helen's room. But she did not. She stayed for a little arranging the things on the breakfast-table—then suddenly, without a word, she turned into Jeremy's bedchamber. His heart began to hammer. There was an awful pause; he heard from miles away Mary's voice: "Do do that button, Helen, I can't get it!" and Helen's "Oh, bother!"

Then, like Judgment, the Jampot appeared again. She stood in the doorway, looking across at him.

"You 'ave *not* cleaned your teeth, Master Jeremy," she said. "The glass isn't touched, nor your toothbrush . . . you wicked, wicked boy. So it's a liar you've become, added on to all your other wickedness."

"I forgot," he muttered sullenly. "I thought I had."

She smiled the smile of approaching triumph.

"No, you did not," she said. "You know you'd told a lie. It was in your face. All of a piece—all of a piece."

The way she said this, like a pirate counting over his captured treasure, was enraging. Jeremy could feel the wild fury at himself, at her, at the stupid blunder of the whole business rising to his throat.

"If you think I'm going to let this pass you're making a mighty mistake," she continued, "which I wouldn't do not if you paid me all the gold in the kingdom. I mayn't be good enough to keep my place and look after such as you, but anyways I'm able to stop your lying for another week or two. I know my duty even though there's them as thinks I don't."

She positively snorted, and the excitement of her own vindication and the just condemnation of Jeremy was such that her hands trembled.

"I don't care what you do," Jeremy shouted. "You can tell anyone you like. I don't care what you do. You're a beastly woman."

She turned upon him, her face purple. "That's enough, Master Jeremy," she said, her voice low and trembling. "I'm not here to be called names by such as you. You'll be sorry for this before you're much older . . . you see."

There was then an awful and sickly pause. Jeremy seemed to himself to be sinking lower and lower into a damp clammy depth of degradation. What must this world be that it could change itself so instantly from a place of gay and happy pleasure into a dim groping room of punishment and dismay?

His feelings were utterly confused. He supposed that he was terribly wicked. But he did not feel wicked. He only felt miserable, sick and defiant. Mary and Helen came in, their eyes open to a crisis, their bodies tuned sympathetically to the atmosphere of sin and crime that they discerned around them.

Then Mr. Cole came in as was his daily habit—for a moment before his breakfast.

"Well, here you are all," he cried. "Ready for tonight? No breakfast yet? Why, now?"

Then perceiving, as all practiced fathers instantly must, that the atmosphere was sinful, he changed his voice to that of the children's Sunday Afternoon Service—a voice well known in his family.

"Please, sir," began the Jampot, "I'm sorry to 'ave to tell you, sir, that Master Jeremy's not been at all good this morning."

"Well, Jeremy," he said, turning to his son, "what is it?"

Jeremy's face, raised to his father's, was hard and set and sullen.

"I've told a lie," he said; "I said I'd cleaned my teeth when I hadn't. Nurse went and looked, and then I called her a beastly woman."

The Jampot's face expressed a grieved and at the same time triumphant confirmation of this.

"You told a lie?" Mr. Cole's voice was full of a lingering sorrow.

"Yes," said Jeremy.

"Are you sorry?"

"I'm sorry that I told a lie, but I'm not sorry I called nurse a beastly woman."

"Jeremy!"

"No, I'm not. She is a beastly woman."

Mr. Cole was always at a loss when anyone defied him, even though it were only a small boy of eight. He took refuge now in his ecclesiastical and parental authority.

"I'm very distressed—very distressed, indeed. I hope that punishment, Jeremy, will show you how wrong you have been. I'm afraid you cannot come with us to the Pantomime tonight."

At that judgment a quiver for an instant held Jeremy's face, turning it, for that moment, into something shapeless and old. His heart had given a wild leap of terror and dismay. But he showed no further sign. He simply stood there waiting.

Mr. Cole was baffled, as he always was by Jeremy's moods, so he continued:

"And until you've apologized to Nurse for your rudeness you must remain by yourself. I shall forbid your sisters to speak to you. Mary and Helen, you are not to speak to your brother until he has apologized to Nurse."

"Yes, Father," said Helen.

"Oh, Father, mayn't he come tonight?" said Mary.

"No, Mary, I'm afraid not."

A tear rolled down her cheek. "It won't be any fun without Jeremy," she said. She wished to make the further sacrifice of saying that she would not go unless Jeremy did, but some natural caution restrained her.

Mr. Cole, his face heavy with sorrow, departed.

At the dumb misery of Jeremy's face the Jampot's heart—in reality a kind and even sentimental heart—repented her.

"There, Master Jeremy, you be a good boy all day, and I dare say your father will take you, after all; and we won't think no more about what you said to me in the 'eat of the moment."

But Jeremy answered nothing; nor did he respond to the smell of bacon, nor the advances of Hamlet, nor the flood of sunlight that poured into the room from the frosty world outside. . . .

He was wicked, an outcast; his word could never be trusted again; he would be pointed at as the boy who had told a lie. . . . And he would not meet Dick Whittington.

The eternity of his punishment hung around his neck like an iron chain. Childhood's tragedies are terrible tragedies, because a child has no sense of time; a moment's dismay is eternal; a careless word from an elder is a lasting judgment; an instant's folly is a lifetime's mistake.

The day dragged its weary length along, and he scarcely moved from his corner by the fire. He did not attempt conversation with anyone. Once or twice the Jampot tried to penetrate behind that little mask of anger and dismay.

"Come, now, things aren't so bad as all that. You be a good boy, and go and tell your father you're sorry . . ." or "Well, then, Master Jeremy, there'll be another time, I dare say, you can go to the theayter. . . ."

But she found no response. If there was one thing that she hated, it was sulks. Here they were, sulks of the worst—and so, like many wiser than herself, she covered up with a word a situation that she did not understand, and left it at that.

From "The Longest Years" by Sigrid Undset

Published by ALFRED A. KNOPF

With all our emphasis on objective discipline, we tend to forget that some children may resent our calm "reasonableness" more than out-and-out anger; like the little girl depicted here, they may consider it "much ado about nothing" and an unwarranted invasion of their privacy.

THERE was just one thing that Ingvild couldn't stand at any price—being corrected in a friendly, decided tone, without heat. The younger aunt, by the way, was apt to lose her temper at times, for which reason Ingvild preferred her; she could then tell them what they might or might not do without entering into wearisome explanations as to the why and wherefore, when nobody had asked

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her for them. Naturally Ingvild never thought it pleasant when the grown-ups got into a towering rage and scolded her; she was fairly desperate at the moment, when it looked like a thrashing, and on the occasions when her mother had acted on her threat and given her a thrashing, she thought it terrible. But when it was over, it *was* over—it belonged to the past. It didn't damp her spirits in the least when she thought of it afterward—and, of course, she had to remember it, so as to take care not to repeat what she had once been punished for. Or at least she wouldn't do it again unless she wanted to so badly that it seemed worth risking the punishment. Or felt she could safely do it without being discovered.

She bore the grown-ups no grudge at all for being angry with her. But she did bear a grudge—a stubborn, invincible grudge—against those grown-ups who took it upon themselves to admonish her, mildly and decidedly, without a trace of heat, in a rational and instructive spirit. She wanted to bite them. She did bite them, too. And it wasn't before she had been given a proper dose of the rod that she began to reflect—perhaps it might be worth while controlling her desire to bite people she didn't like, seeing that it recoiled on herself.

This had happened during that very visit to Trondhjem.

She didn't like haddock, and one day when they had haddock for dinner she said so. It was only intended as an expression of opinion on her part: she knew they would have fish just as often whether she liked it or not, and when there was fish for dinner she had to eat it; it was just the same as saying "uff" because it was raining. But when her father's younger sister, who sat next to her and took the bones out of her helping, started to explain that little girls mustn't say things like that, but must be good and eat what's given them—then Ingvild jumped up in her chair and bit her aunt on the cheek.

Mamma snatched her up and she was carried off pretty quickly. On reaching the room where they slept mamma gave her a good shaking; she was really angry and let Ingvild know that she must drop that ugly habit of biting people, she was too big for that sort of thing, and let her just try to do it once more and she'd get as many smacks as there was room for on her posterior. Then she had to beg her aunt's pardon. Ingvild promised unconcernedly never to do it any more, without reflecting that she might be tempted to do it again at any moment.

From "Tree Toad—The Autobiography of a Small Boy" by Bob Davis

Published by FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

Two familiar characteristics of childhood combine to make an amusing anecdote; the relationship between these two small brothers—the one an inspired and dominating leader and the other a blindly trusting follower—and the astonishing ingenuity with which childish imagination can further its own purposes.

HERE was an opportunity to ask what I considered an impossible question that not even Bill could answer:

"Why is a tree toad green, Mother?"

She gathered me closer to her breast, still toying with the fractious hair.

"Because, my son, God has chosen that way to protect it from its enemies. It is green like the leaves so it cannot be seen. It is so with all nature. The horned toad is the color of the sand; the lizard the color of the granite stones; the grasshopper the color of the sunburned fields. As the seasons change, and the grass and trees alter their tones, so do various living things."

"How about crows and blackbirds?" inquired Bill, sensing an argument.

"They have the power of flight and can escape their pursuers," was the gentle response. "Thus God works out His plan and watches over every one of His creatures."

I glanced at Bill to see what effect this crushing dictum had upon him. There was a faraway look

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in his eyes, a glassy introspection, a self-sufficient demeanor that baffled analysis.

A kettle cover struck up a distant rataplan in the kitchen, whereupon Mother, alert for alarms, rose and departed to her culinary pursuits. Lured by a savory perfume, I attempted to follow her. Bill restrained me with a firm grip, and she departed alone.

"Listen, Bob, did you hear what Mother said?"

"About the crows?"

"No, the tree toad."

"Yes, was it not beauti-ful?"

"It was a sign," said Bill, placing one arm affectionately around my neck. "You don't understand, but I do."

"Do you know as much as Mother?"

"No, not about cookin' and books but I have a great idear. Come with me, quick."

Lured by the siren call and full of wonderment, but with a brave heart, I toddled down the steps and followed after him under the porch. It was rather dim and eerie there and a musty smell emanated from the damp earth. He held his finger on his lips, moving in barefoot silence to a canvas tarpaulin which he removed with great ceremony, disclosing a large can of green paint that had been but partly consumed in giving a verdant luster to the lattice work surrounding the porch.

It was my custom when Bill undertook my education to accept without comment whatever the program called for. With the deft sweep of a lath he removed a thick green scum from the paint pot in which nestled a broad, bristle brush.

"Take off your clothes."

"Me?"

"You! All of 'em!"

"Everything?"

"Yes. Strip 'em."

This suggestion in my infantile mind seemed to call for belligerence, but I had not the courage to oppose him, and besides, my vocal chords became paralyzed.

"You love Mother, don't you?"

". . . ."

"And you know she loves you?"

". . . ."

"And you believe Mother, don't you?"

I gulped.

"And you heard what she said—that God protects every livin' thing?"

"Y . . . e-ss!"

"Well, then, get ready. I am now gonna make a tree toad of you."

Whereupon somewhat wistfully I began to disrobe while Bill stirred his mess of camouflage with all the abandon of a union house painter. The denim trousers slid to the dank mold, the wrinkled white shirt fell from my thin shoulders. Bill stepped back and viewed me as Michelangelo must have looked at a virgin canvas upon which he intended to create a masterpiece.

"I think I'll begin in front," he soliloquized and immediately made a broad sweep down my quivering breast, swinging backward to the chin and over under the armpits, into which he nestled the brush with a quivering movement. The sensation was not unpleasant, although frequently he found it necessary to make a lightning pass over my childish form in the pursuit of green globules that glided down and threatened to escape me. Repeatedly he plunged his brush into the inexhaustible green and plied his art industriously. He painted my thighs, grained the knees, and laved the shins with true artistic genius.

"Hold up your arms!"

From the wrist to the shoulder blades swept the relentless pig bristles. Born: one green scarecrow.

"Turn around! I bet you nobody can see you when I git through. Hardly see you myself."

I began to feel rather proud of the insulation until he approached the small of my back.

"Don't paint my kidneys, Bill. It tickles."

"Let 'em tickle; what do you care? Frogs have got kidneys, too. Stand still."

Like every true genius, Bill possessed infinite capacity for taking pains, and touched up the high spots and between my toes and fingers with great care.

"I knew sumpin' was gonna happen; sumpin' remarkable. Now shut your eyes."

"Don't do that, Bill."

"Shut 'em and keep 'em shut, and you'd better shut your mouth at the same time. Good—and—tight."

I closed all apertures, which seemed the last straw, and consigned myself to my Maker.

"B-l-ub."

"Shut it!"

The stiff, oily brush played in and out of my features, into the ears and over my hair. For the first time my wild bang was smeared flat upon my forehead. I opened my eyes cautiously. Bill was deliberately

wiping his hands on my clothes. I stood still for the lightning to strike.

"Where are you?" asked Bill in a tense whisper.

"Right where you are lookin'," I replied, holding up a green hand.

"I can't see you," was his response. "You are invisible."

"I am standin' right in front of you."

"I can hear you, but that's all. Isn't the Lord wonderful? Now follow me. You're goin' to do somethin' never before done by any frog, lizard, horned toad, grasshopper, or even a crow; the greatest thing ever done by any livin' thing. Are you comin'?"

Under the spell of his direction I decided to go through with this adventure unfalteringly.

"Yes," I answered, picking up my clothing.

"Ha! I saw those pants move. Don't touch 'em. Frogs don't wear 'em. Come as you are."

The animated trousers, lacking invisibility, had betrayed me.

As the leading figure in this enterprise, I now felt entitled to ask one question:

"Where am I goin'?"

The query was ignored completely. I followed him under the porch to the entrance of his atelier, where pausing a moment he brushed his palm over his eyes as does a blind man.

"Are you there?"

"Yes, Bill." I held both hands aloft: "Here!"

"Well, now listen!" He pointed to a forbidden sickle pear tree fifty yards across the lawn, and in a confidential voice, fraught with low cunning, gave me instructions:

"Go and help yourself . . . climb up and eat your fill . . . no one can see, you cannot be seen . . . God is takin' care of you . . . bring some back to me, ripe ones."

From "If This Be I" by Margaret Deland

Published by D. Appleton-Century Company

In these recollections—of reveries and phantasies, and even of her own "dishonor" —the author evokes that child-world in which the ways of grown-ups are ever mysterious and incomprehensible.

IT WAS dark in the ring, except on bright days; then, at high noon, a pale splash of sunlight moved briefly across the bare earth that was always faintly green with moss. Maggie, for some reason not clear to me, loved the moldy melancholy of this place, and often hid herself in it to meditate. Some of the thoughts she has shared with me, seem now very strange—except that I suppose all children have them. Thoughts of death; of her intention of running away from home via the Ohio River, to sail the Caribbean Sea; of her hope of finding a dead bird to bury; of her passionate desire for curly hair. Many, many thoughts of God, for she still trusted Him—not yet having tested His truthfulness—and she seems to have believed that He was largely and benevolently occupied with her affairs. I recall that she confided to Him her desire to have a baby of her very own, and she asked Him to bestow one upon her, immediately; but most of all, she begged Him, with passion, to make her Indian-straight hair curl. In this connection, she remembers that she planned, with a pleasant sense of retaliation, her own deathbed, and how her weeping family would gather to see her beautifully die—I think the dreadful little pious book, *Henry and His Bearer,* inspired this thought. Maggie, like Henry, would tell her worldly parents that she forgave them for the way they had treated her, and teased her, and—*and laughed at her!* The prospect of forgiving Papa for this especial crime was a great satisfaction. Maggie says that if she shut her eyes, she could see Papa, standing by her bedside, his red hair all ruffled up, and his blue eyes, which were always crinkling into his great laugh, streaming with tears—oh, so sad! Maggie almost felt sorry for Papa, crying and crying because he had treated Maggie so badly. He would say, "My darling Maggie, forgive me for laughing at you. What can I do to make you happy?" Maggie had rehearsed this scene of paternal remorse so often, that she had her reply all ready: "You may give me,"

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she would say, in a faint, faint voice, "a wig of golden curls, like my wax doll has." . . .

Later, Maggie painfully learned that, in business, common honesty was not enough—for grown people tack Honor on to it, and even stretch it out into other words: "honorable," or—most dreadfully—"dishonorable." Her first experience with the word was in regard to Cousin Alice and the keyhole, and it brought her a bitter moment, for Mama called her *dis*honorable!

Maggie's account of the affair is simple. There was going to be company for supper—which meant the best china and an exciting possibility that if, not being at table on account of company, you went and sat on the kitchen stairs, Jane or Minny would give you two helpings of strawberries. In the midst of these pleasant anticipations, Maggie was bidden to run upstairs, knock at the spareroom door, and find out if Cousin Alice, who had arrived late in the afternoon, was ready for supper. She went cheerfully enough, thinking that when Cousin Alice said, "Come in!" she could, after asking her about supper, hang around and see her brush her hair before putting it up into high rats and a waterfall; and *perhaps* while she was doing that, Maggie might count her freckles?—a fascinating, but so far unfinished, job. . . . Back again in the parlor, she reported: "I knocked, but Cousin Alice didn't say, 'Come in.' But she isn't ready, because she hasn't any clothes on, *a-tall*." At which Papa laughed very loud, and said, "Has she pretty legs?" And Mama frowned, and said, "Ben! *Ben!*" Then she told Maggie she mustn't say such things. "And besides, you didn't go into Cousin Alice's room, so you don't know how nearly dressed she was." Maggie, instant in self-defense, said, "Yes, ma'am, I do! I looked through the keyhole." At which Papa stopped laughing, and said, "Lois, that child needs attention!" And Mama said, very sternly, "Maggie, never let me hear of your doing such a dreadful thing!" Maggie, gaping with astonishment, tried to explain: Mama had told her to find out if Cousin Alice was ready for supper, so Maggie did find out; and Cousin Alice wasn't ready, because she had no clothes on a-tall, and—but Mama interrupted: "Maggie, to look through a keyhole is a dishonorable thing to do, and I am ashamed of you."

There Maggie's memory is blotted out in sadness. She doesn't know what happened next, but she thinks she went up to her room, and cried into the bolster of her four-poster bed. Later, however, sitting on the back stairs, with a second saucer of strawberries from Minny, and listening to the distant gaiety of the dining-room, where Cousin Alice (presumably with all her clothes on) was the center of attraction, she cheered up, and forgot the queerness of Mama's telling her to "find out," and then scolding her because she did find out.

From "Swann's Way" by Marcel Proust

Published by THE MODERN LIBRARY

Perhaps only a profoundly introspective genius like this author would in childhood have elaborated upon the ritual of his mother's goodnight kiss with such passionate intricacy. His insight into his own early emotions does, however, throw vivid light on the complexities which the unusual child may weave about ordinary gestures and incidents accepted unthinkingly by other people.

MY SOLE consolation when I went upstairs for the night was that Mamma could come in and kiss me after I was in bed. But this good night lasted for so short a time: she went down again so soon that the moment in which I heard her climb the stairs, and then caught the sound of her garden dress of blue muslin, from which hung little tassels of plaited straw, rustling along the double-doored corridor, was for me a moment of the keenest sorrow. So much did I love that good night that I reached the stage of hoping that it would come as late as possible, so as to prolong the time of respite during which Mamma would not yet have appeared. Sometimes when, after kissing me, she opened the door to go, I longed to call her back, to say to her "Kiss me just once again," but I knew that then she

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would at once look displeased, for the concession which she made to my wretchedness and agitation in coming up to me with this kiss of peace always annoyed my father, who thought such ceremonies absurd, and she would have liked to try to induce me to outgrow the need, the custom of having her there at all, which was a very different thing from letting the custom grow up of my asking her for an additional kiss when she was already crossing the threshold. And to see her look displeased destroyed all the sense of tranquillity she had brought me a moment before, when she bent her loving face down over my bed, and held it out to me like a Host, for an act of Communion in which my lips might drink deeply the sense of her real presence, and with it the power to sleep. But those evenings on which Mamma stayed so short a time in my room were sweet indeed compared to those on which we had guests to dinner, and therefore she did not come at all. . . .

But the only one of us in whom the prospect of Swann's arrival gave rise to an unhappy foreboding was myself. And that was because on the evenings when there were visitors, or just M. Swann in the house, Mamma did not come up to my room. I did not, at that time, have dinner with the family: I came out to the garden after dinner, and at nine I said good night and went to bed. But on these evenings I used to dine earlier than the others, and to come in afterward and sit at table until eight o'clock, when it was understood that I must go upstairs; that frail and precious kiss which Mamma used always to leave upon my lips when I was in bed and just going to sleep I had to take with me from the dining-room to my own, and to keep inviolate all the time that it took me to undress, without letting its sweet charm be broken, without letting its volatile essence diffuse itself and evaporate; and just on those very evenings when I must needs take most pains to receive it with due formality, I had to snatch it, to seize it instantly and in public, without even having the time or being properly free to apply to what I was doing the punctiliousness which madmen use who compel themselves to exclude all other thoughts from their minds while they are shutting a door, so that when the sickness of uncertainty sweeps over them again they can triumphantly face and overcome it with the recollection of the precise moment in which the door was shut. . . .

I never took my eyes off my mother. I knew that when they were at table I should not be permitted to stay there for the whole of dinner-time, and that Mamma, for fear of annoying my father, would not allow me to give her in public the series of kisses that she would have had in my room. And so I promised myself that in the dining-room as they began to eat and drink and as I felt the hour approach, I would put beforehand into this kiss, which was bound to be so brief and stealthy in execution, everything that my own efforts could put into it: would look out very carefully first the exact spot on her cheek where I would imprint it, and would so prepare my thoughts that I might be able, thanks to these mental preliminaries, to consecrate the whole of the minute Mamma would allow me to the sensation of her cheek against my lips, as a painter who can have his subject for short sittings only prepares his palette, and from what he remembers and from rough notes does in advance everything which he possibly can do in the sitter's absence. But tonight, before the dinner-bell had sounded, my grandfather said with unconscious cruelty: "The little man looks tired; he'd better go up to bed. Besides, we are dining late tonight."

And my father, who was less scrupulous than my grandmother or mother in observing the letter of a treaty, went on: "Yes; run along; to bed with you."

I would have kissed Mamma then and there, but at that moment the dinner-bell rang.

"No, no, leave your mother alone. You've said good night quite enough. These exhibitions are absurd. Go on upstairs."

And so I must set forth without viaticum; must climb each step of the staircase "against my heart," as the saying is, climbing in opposition to my heart's desire, which was to return to my mother, since she had not, by her kiss, given my heart leave to accompany me forth. That hateful staircase, up which I always passed with such dismay, gave out a smell of varnish which had to some extent absorbed, made definite and fixed the special quality of sorrow that I felt each evening, and made it perhaps even more cruel to my sensibility because, when it assumed this olfactory guise, my intellect was powerless to resist it. When we have gone to sleep with a maddening toothache and are conscious of it only as a little girl whom we attempt, time after time, to pull out of the water, or as a line of Molière which we repeat incessantly to ourselves, it is a great relief to wake up, so that our intelligence can disentangle the idea of toothache from any artificial semblance of heroism or rhythmic cadence. It was the precise converse of

this relief which I felt when my anguish at having to go up to my room invaded my consciousness in a manner infinitely more rapid, instantaneous almost, a manner at once insidious and brutal as I breathed in—a far more poisonous thing than any moral penetration—the peculiar smell of the varnish upon that staircase.

Once in my room I had to stop every loophole. to close the shutters, to dig my own grave as I turned down the bedclothes, to wrap myself in the shroud of my nightshirt. But before burying myself in the iron bed which had been placed there because, on summer nights, I was too hot among the rep curtains of the four-poster, I was stirred to revolt, and attempted the desperate stratagem of a condemned prisoner. I wrote to my mother begging her to come upstairs for an important reason which I could not put in writing. My fear was that Francoise, my aunt's cook who used to be put in charge of me when I was at Combray, might refuse to take my note. . . .

But after a few seconds I realized that, by writing that line to Mamma, by approaching—at the risk of making her angry—so near to her that I felt I could reach out and grasp the moment in which I should see her again, I had cut myself off from the possibility of going to sleep until I actually had seen her, and my heart began to beat more and more painfully as I increased my agitation by ordering myself to keep calm and to acquiesce in my ill-fortune. Then, suddenly, my anxiety subsided, a feeling of intense happiness coursed through me, as when a strong medicine begins to take effect and one's pain vanishes: I had formed a resolution to abandon all attempts to go to sleep without seeing Mamma, and had decided to kiss her at all costs, even with the certainty of being in disgrace with her for long afterward, when she herself came up to bed. The tranquillity which followed my anguish made me extremely alert, no less than my sense of expectation, my thirst for and my fear of danger.

From "Moon Calf" by Floyd Dell

Published by the Macaulay Company

The acuteness of youth's suffering, when by some slip its dearest dreams are given away and held up to ridicule, is dramatically presented in this story of a boy to whom make-believe was the imperative expression of his yearning for something beyond the drab inadequacy of everyday.

ALL this was done conscientiously outside of school, except the search for names in the back of the big dictionary, which he conducted at recess time. He studied his lessons faithfully, and recited them to Miss Croly's complete approval. But that did not take up all his time. He felt in duty bound not to write on his book at school; but he could not help dreaming about it. And since his story was still too vague and indefinite to think about with satisfaction, he began instead to dream of himself as a story-writer. In his dreams he finished this story and took it to Miss Croly, and was praised for it, and began another, and finished that until in imagination he was the author of a dozen books, of which he had invented only the titles. This dream had its fascination, and he became very proud of his imaginary works. He felt himself to be a very wonderful person.

One day at recess, when the other boys were chinning themselves twelve times in succession on the limb of an old tree in the schoolyard, and Felix could do it only twice without touching his feet to the ground, he was laughed at. He had made himself indifferent to the occasional careless taunt at his lack of physical prowess, but sometimes it hurt. This time the tears came to his eyes, and he walked off, saying to himself, "I don't care! I don't care! I can do something they can't do. I can write books."

That thought gave him compensation thenceforth for all the hurts and humiliations of the schoolyard. He ceased even to try to compete with the other boys, and stalked apart. They could not write books; and he could; and some day they would realize it! . . . He saw himself, in a glowing vision of the future, coming back to Maple as a famous man, and being pointed out on the streets. "He was born here," they would say.

He began to take an interest in the question of

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his birthplace. He had had pointed out to him, as the house in which he was born, the great brown-painted frame building now known as Blair's Boarding-House, where some of the mill-hands lived, and which served perforce as a hotel for the infrequent drummers who came to Maple. Felix was vaguely disappointed in it as a birthplace. He felt that he should have been born in a log-cabin like Lincoln. There was only one log-cabin in Maple, and he went out of his way several times to look at it, and stared curiously at the barefooted old Irishwoman who lived there. Then he went back to Blair's Boarding-House, and tried to reconcile himself to it.

Gradually he came to yield it a certain deference. And one morning, on his eleventh birthday, perhaps unconsciously by way of acknowledging it, he wrote his name all along the side of the house in large letters with a piece of chalk.

That happened on his way to school. And that afternoon it happened that the principal of the school, a tall, rubber-heeled man who liked to catch somebody doing something wrong and make an example of him, visited the room. The writing exercise was in progress. Felix had finished it long since, and sat dreaming of his future. He was picturing his return, as a famous man, to Maple. The people of the town had put a brass plate on the corner of Blair's Boarding-House, just as he had read about in books in similar cases, proclaiming the honor he had done the town by being born there. And as he dreamed, he unconsciously wrote on his tablet, "Felix Fay, the Great Novelist, was born here, May 10, 1886."

The principal was softly making the rounds of the room, Felix had not seen him enter, and was not aware of his presence until he saw the tall shape leaning over his shoulder, looking at his tablet. Felix was proud of his handwriting, and he pushed the writing exercise over for the principal to see. But the principal continued to look at the tablet. He had seen the name on the side of Blair's Boarding-House that noon, and now he had found the culprit.

"Are you Felix Fay?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you write your name on the side of Blair's Boarding-House?"

The question came like an earthquake. Felix had forgotten all about it. Now he realized that he had committed a crime in thus desecrating the civic landscape.

"Yes sir," he said faintly.

"What did you do that for?" the principal asked sternly.

At that moment Felix became conscious of the tell-tale words written on the paper before him. He blushed all over. Those words seemed to him a naked revelation of all his secret thoughts. He wanted to destroy the paper, but he could not make a movement.

"I don't know," he said, dully.

"You don't know?" repeated the torturer. "You must be very proud of your name." He took up the tablet on which the name was written. "What's this?" he exclaimed, looking at it more closely.

Felix shrank in his clothes, while the principal read it over carefully to himself. He turned to Felix.

"I want you," he said bitingly, "to show the room what you have been doing instead of writing your lesson. Write that on the board three times."

Miss Croly, the teacher, flushed angrily, and made a protesting gesture.

As one under sentence of death, pale, but rigid to conceal his trembling, Felix walked slowly to the blackboard, faced the whole room with its hundred staring eyes, lifted his head proudly, turned to the blackboard and wrote the offending sentence slowly in large defiant letters.

Then he crumbled the chalk between his fingers, let it drop to the floor, and walked back to his seat.

There was a hush all over the room. Nobody knew what it meant. Felix's bearing was so little like that of a culprit that it did not seem that they were intended to laugh at his discomfiture. The principal was embarrassed. "That," he said finally, "is what is known as egotism," and went out.

Miss Croly hastily called the arithmetic class, and herself erased from the blackboard the words that Felix had written. Felix left the room, took his cap, and hurried to Blair's Boarding-House, trembling with rage and shame. Ignoring the people about, he commenced to rub out his name, with his handkerchief, his cap, his coat sleeve, his bare hands. The letters seemed to have grown gigantic, overtopping his own height, blazoning his vain dreams to the world. A crowd began to gather. He stopped suddenly and ran home.

That night a kindly rain came and washed the offending letters from the wall. They were not there to reproach Felix when he went to school the next day. The incident was closed. Felix, sleeplessly tossing in bed in feverish torment, had resolved over and over again never to write another line.

From "The Bent Twig" by Dorothy Canfield

Published by HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

A typical 'teens-age reaction to adult "over-selling" of its own most cherished ideals is portrayed in this half-serious, half-playful rebellion against a father's oft-repeated philosophizing.

HER father would have been aghast if he could have felt the slightest reflection from the heat of her detestation of his favorite Emersonian motto, which, now that he had reached five and forty, he was apt to repeat with the iteration natural to his age, rousing in Sylvia the rebellious exasperation felt by *her* age for over-emphatic moralizings.

On the occasion of one of the annual gatherings at the Marshall house of the Seniors in her father's classes, she remarked fiercely to Judith, "If Father gets off that old Emerson, 'What will you have, quoth God. Take it and pay for it,' again tonight in his speech, I'm going to get right up and scream."

Judith stared. The girls were in the kitchen, large aprons over their best dresses, setting out rows of plates for the chicken salad which was to come after the music. "I don't see anything to scream about in that!" said Judith with a wondering contempt for Sylvia's notions.

"I'm so *sick* of it!" cried Sylvia, tearing the lettuce-leaves apart with venom. "Father never gets through any sort of speech that he doesn't work it in—and I hate it, anyhow! It makes me feel as though somebody had banged a big door in my face and shut me up in prison."

"Well, for goodness' sakes!" cried Judith, who, at this period of their lives, had remained rather more than her three years behind Sylvia's intelligence. "How do you get all that out of *that!*"

"You haven't sense enough to know what it means, that's all!" retorted Sylvia. "It means something perfectly hateful, the way Father uses it. It means you've got to pay for every single thing you do or get in this world! It's somebody tagging you round with an account-book, seeing how big a bill you're running up. It's the perfectly horrid way Father and Mother make us do, of *always* washing up the dishes we dirty, and *always* picking up the things we drop. Seems as though I'd die happy if I could just step out of my nightgown in the morning and *leave* it there, and know that it would get hung up without my doing it."

"Well, if that's all you want, to die happy," said Judith, the literal-minded, "I will do that much for you!"

"Oh, gracious, no! That wouldn't do any good! You know I couldn't take any satisfaction letting *you* do that!" objected Sylvia peevishly, fuming and fumbling helplessly before the baffling quality of her desires. "I don't want just somebody to pick it up for me. I want it picked up by somebody that I don't care about, that I don't see, that I'd just as soon have do the tiresome things as not. I want somebody to do it, and me to feel all right about *having* them do it!"

"Well, for goodness' sakes!" Judith was reduced again to mere wonder.

Professor and Mrs. Marshall stepped into the kitchen for a moment to see that everything was progressing smoothly. The professor had his viola in his hand and was plucking softly at the strings, a pleasant, tranquil anticipation of harmony on his face. He looked affectionately at his daughters and thought what dear good children they were. Judith appealed to her parents: "Sylvia's as crazy as a loon. She says she wants somebody to do her work for her, and yet she wants to feel all right about shirking it!"

Mrs. Marshall did not follow, and did not care. "What?" she said indifferently, tasting the chicken salad in the big yellow bowl, and, with an expression of serious consideration, adding a little more salt to it.

But Sylvia's father understood, "What you want to remember, daughter," he said, addressing himself to his oldest child with a fond certainty of her quick apprehension, "is that fine saying of Emerson, 'What will you have, quoth—' " A raw-boned assistant appeared in the doorway. "Everybody here, I guess, Perfesser," he said.

When the girls were alone again, Sylvia stole a look at Judith and broke into noiseless giggles. She laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks and she had to stop work and go to the kitchen sink to wash her face and take a drink of water. "You never do

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what you say you're going to," said Judith, as gravely alien to this mood as to the other. "I thought you said you'd scream."

"I *am* screaming," said Sylvia, wiping her eyes again.

They were very familiar with the work of preparing the simple "refreshments" for University gatherings. Their mother always provided exactly the same viands, and long practice had made them letter-perfect in the moves to be made. When they finished portioning off the lettuce-leaves and salad on the plates, they swiftly set each one on a fresh crêpe-paper napkin. Sylvia protested an undying hatred for paper napkins. "I don't see why," said Judith. "They're so much less bother than the other kind when you're only going to use them once, this way." "That's it," asserted Sylvia; "that's the very stingy, economical thing about them I hate, their *not* being a bother! I'd like to use big, fine, damask ones, all shiny, that somebody had ironed twenty minutes, every one, like those we had at Eleanor Hubert's birthday party. And then I'd scrunch them up and throw them in the laundry if there was the least speck on them."

"I wouldn't like the job of doing them up," said Judith.

"Neither would I. I'd hate it! And I wouldn't," continued Sylvia, roaming at will in her enchanted garden; "I'd hire somebody to take all the bother of buying them and hemming them and doing them up and putting them on the table. All I'd do, would be to shake them out and lay them across my lap," she went through a dainty-fingered pantomime, "and never think a thing about how they got there. That's all *I* want to do with napkins. But I do love 'em big and glossy. I could *kiss* them!"

Judith was almost alarmed at the wildness of Sylvia's imaginings. "Why, you talk as though you didn't have good sense tonight, Sylvie. It's the party. You always get so excited over parties." Judith considered it a "comedown" to get excited over anything.

From "Innocent Summer" by Frances Frost

Published by FARRAR AND RINEHART

A warmly emotional young girl, at the very moment when she is beginning shyly to take an interest in one special boy, is "enlightened" regarding the facts of sex; her shocked bewilderment reflects not only the conflict between her own feelings and her mother's "facts," but still more poignantly the devastating effects of her mother's embittered attitude.

MAMMA stood in the doorway and her face was set and strange.

"Why, Mamma, what's the matter?"

"Fern, come upstairs with me. I want to talk to you."

"What is it, Mamma?" Heavens, had somebody died or had she done something she shouldn't, or what?

"You'll see," Mamma said ponderously.

Fern was frightened. Mamma had never been like this before. Mamma went into the front spare bedroom, pulled down the shades, dropped into the small armless rocker by the south window, and gazed intently at the scallops on the bureau scarf. Her face was red, her mouth compressed.

Puzzled and filled with foreboding, Fern perched on the edge of the bed. "Mamma, what's the matter?"

Mamma twisted her wedding ring, still not looking at her, and said with heavy emphasis, "Fern, you're *old* enough now to know certain things."

Fern asked bluntly, staring in amazement, "What things?"

The sound of the lawn-mower moved to the side of the house; the steady whirr of its blades silenced the uneasy tentative noise of a cricket; a locust rasped in one of the elms.

"Something important is going to happen to you soon," Mamma said, and looked up at her with a sly expression on her flushed face that made Fern gasp.

What was wrong with Mamma? She wasn't herself any more. Her voice, her look, made Fern feel unaccountably slimy, nasty.

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"You'll know what it is when the time comes," Mamma said.

Terrified now, Fern cried, "But tell me, Mamma!"

Whispering, Mamma told; and Fern grew nauseated with shame for Mamma and dizzy with surprise and a great lump of fear seemed lodged in the pit of her stomach.

Then Mamma's mouth became pinched and bitter and her voice rose as she declared that marriage was slavery and men had only one idea in their heads—if Fern only knew all that women had to submit to! And as for having children, that was another Hell; it would serve men right if *they* had to have brats—there'd be a fine lot of yelling then!

Fern stared at Mamma, fascinated by the revelation of the vileness in Mamma's soul—and Mamma was *enjoying* this!

Mamma's insidious voice went on. "When Dorothy was born, you could hear Mrs. Burke screaming way up here. You remember, you heard her yourself and came running to ask me what it was—you were seven or so—and I said it was a cow somewhere having a stomach-ache, probably Coleman's cow down on Center Street. Remember?"

Fern nodded, unable to speak; she didn't want to remember—all she wanted was to get out of this house to escape from Mamma and the awful import of Mamma's words. She clenched her hands in her sweater pockets. If she could only get out before she cried!

Outdoors the sound of the lawn-mower had ceased; the cricket was loud now and steady.

"Lizzie Duke almost went crazy, right next door to her, listening to her for ten hours, and Lizzie said afterward that she was never so thankful in her life she'd never married a man or let one even lay a hand on her. When I had you, I didn't let a yip out of me, but God knows I could have screeched my head off if I'd wanted to. And still people talk about love! Love—bah!"

Fern shivered, tried to speak, croaked, and coughed. She wanted to shout, "Oh, stop it!" Her lips were dry, her tongue useless.

"Old Lady was talking about Nina Horton and her mother," Mamma said, smug and righteous. "I don't wonder poor Ed Horton died. Maggie Rogers says there're men going to the house all hours of the night. And Nina's turned out just like her mother!"

Fern managed to say hoarsely, "He died of pneumonia!"

Mamma snorted, "Huh! He died of plenty else, too, I bet, being married to that trollop!"

The sun filtered in around the edges of the dark green shades. Fern realized suddenly that she had been clutching Don's ante in her pocket—her right hand was stiff from the clenching. She stood up abruptly. She had to get out!

Mamma looked up in surprise. "Where you going?"

Fern thought quickly and lied. "To the library." She tried to keep her voice steady, but she was in a panic.

Mamma said, balefully, "Don't you ever let me catch you fooling around with boys!"

Fern choked, "Don't worry!" and rushed through the hallway and down the stairs. When she was out of the house and through the hedge, she turned, not left toward the library, but right toward the edge of town and west toward Slocum's wood, and ran blindly until she was breathless.

She slowed up when she reached the turn-off path. The small scrub pines, where the path entered the wood through a thicket of maple and willow and conifer, were a soft fresh green. The path itself was packed of dry brown leaves and flanked with slanting ferns whose central budding yellow spires sometimes curved like seahorses in the splashes of late sunlight. She saw all these things numbly, knowing them actual and immediate, but it was as if she walked in a familiar world grown strange, as if she looked upon it from a great distance and it was blurred by the burning core of pain inside of her. There was a clump of willows where she had broken branches of silver-furred catkins in the spring; later the remaining furry blossoms had spread to coarse gold among the silver stems. Here was the swamp-maple she had come on late last August, finding it pure scarlet.

She thought, "I'll never be able to see anything again exactly the way I used to. Everything's different because I'm changed."

And here were the dark firs and the few stiff balsams, the tall feathery hemlocks, a gray-barked spruce, its wide boughs tilted upward, and the stretch of white ash trees, their pale twigs and seven-pointed leaves sharp against the muted blue sky of the end of afternoon. In winter, the path wandered between the trees, wide enough with white snow for skis and snowshoes, but now it was narrowed by the growing shoots of sugar-maple.

This small cliff that fell down to one of Slocum's

lower fields—rocky and buttressed by pine and young oak—here she had crept carefully this spring to pick the first bloodroot, staining her fingers, but bringing the white flowers triumphantly home to Mamma.

At the curve of the path, before she could see Slocum's back fence, she paused and stood for a minute, looking at the woods, then dropped to the needled ground under a pine and sat hunched, her arms on her knees. A thrush was singing deep among the trees, shaking cool bells of sound into the pine and hemlock shadow. For the first time in her life she cried without tears. After a long while she got to her feet and stumbled on down the path. In Slocum's meadow the purple and white clover and the blue vetch mingled in a wild mass of bloom. She turned around and walked slowly through the woods; the sun was near the western ridge and the slant light splashed hot gold on the trunks. It would be impossible ever to look at Mamma again without remembering Mamma's face as it was in the darkened bedroom.

She wished now she hadn't sent Jerry into the house when she rushed out; he had been puzzled and hurt by her curt command to go back, but she had been too frantic to care. He, at least, was unchangeable, and his devotion was constant, like Don's. She gasped then, assailed by doubt and enormous fear: was Don unchangeable, did he know all this incredible business that attended growing up?

Mamma's words rang in her head, "And still people talk about love! Love—bah!" and she shuddered—it was like hearing a torn finger-nail rasping on a screen. She wished she never had to go home again.

From "Studs Lonigan" by James T. Farrell

Published by The Vanguard Press

The "hard-boiled" adolescents in this novel of a city's slums may stand out in sharp contrast to the more sensitive children in most of literature; but in spite of their sordid and tawdry realism, they share—if only too briefly—the groping and inarticulate idealism of youth's sexual awakening.

THEY sat on Helen's front steps.

"You know, I always used to think I'd feel a little different when I graduated from grammar school, but here it's a couple of weeks ago, and I don't see any difference yet. Everything seems pretty much the same, and well, I don't know. Here I am graduated, and I'm wearing short pants again, and got to listen to my old man the same as I did before I was graduated, and I come around, and everything and everybody's the same, kidding the punks, playing chase-one-chase-all, and blue-my-blackberry, and baby-in-the-hole, and all that sort of thing, just like before, and, well, in the fall I'll have to go to high school, and well, things are just not like I imagined they would be after I graduated."

"I feel the same way," Helen said.

"I feel the same; and it's no different when you get confirmed. You are supposed to change, and something that's a mystery called a character is stamped on your soul, that is, if you're a Catholic; but you don't really seem to change any. Anyway, I didn't seem to," Studs pondered.

"Well, I never got confirmation, but I think I know what you mean. But my father and my mother, they don't think so much of confirmation," said Helen.

"Of course we're taught different than you. We're taught that you shouldn't feel that way about the thing. You should believe in God and in the Church, and do all the duties that God and the Church say you should, or else you won't be doin' right and you'll go to Hell. Of course, if a person's not Catholic, but if they're sincere in bein' whatever they are, well, they'll stand a good chance of gettin' into Heaven. That's the way we're taught," said Studs.

"My father and mother say that it's all right what you believe, so long as you live up to that belief and don't do nothin' that's really wrong, or really hurt your neighbor, and if you do that, you ain't got nothin' to worry about from God," Helen said.

"Well, you know, it seems funny. Last night I was thinkin'. I remembered how I thought all the time that I'd feel so different after graduation. But

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now! Well, I'm just . . . I don't know. When I was a punk in the first grade, I used to look up to the guys ahead of me and feel that eighth-grade kids were so big, and now when I'm graduated I still wish I was bigger, and I don't feel satisfied, like I used to think I would when I was only a punk," Studs said.

"That's just the way I sort of feel."

"Yeh . . . but, oh, well," said Studs.

He felt that there was something else to be said, but he didn't know how to say it; he wondered if he was blowing his gab off too much. Sometimes, with Helen, he could talk more, and say more of what he really meant, than he could with any other person.

"Yeh," said Helen, meaningfully.

He glanced at her; he told himself that she was nice looking. He felt soft inside, as if his feelings were all fluid, all melting up and running through him like a warm stream of water. He didn't know what he ought to say. He hurriedly glanced across the street. He saw Dennis P. Gorman tote his cane and his dignity down Indiana Avenue on his way to the police court. He laughed at High-Collars; and Helen said her father always called Gorman a molly-coddle who ought to be wearing corsets.

"You know, we'll have to take a look at that can house sometimes," Studs said, because he felt that he had better say something.

"Yeh!"

"I'd like to know what's inside of a can house," said Studs.

He was calmed down again, and he could look at her without feeling strange, and he wasn't in danger of giving his feelings away. He noticed that she, too, had been looking away.

"Well, I suppose one of those places has got a lot of expensive furniture, and the whores all sit around in their underclothes and maybe they drink a lot, and you know," she said.

"I'd sure like to see one sometime," he said.

"Me, too," she said.

"Maybe we can sneak up on the porch sometimes," he said.

"Yeah," said Helen.

"We might see someone doin' it, too," he said.

"Yeah," said Helen.

"Sometimes, I wonder what it's like," he said.

"So do I," she said.

"I don't think it's so much," said he.

"All the kids act as if they knew, but I'll bet that none of them really do," she said.

"I guess you're right."

She told him of the time that her dog, Billie, had cut its nose, and had accidentally rubbed a little blood on her nightgown. Her mother had seen the blood spot, and had gotten excited, and had tried to explain to Helen what things were all about, but Helen had known what her mother told her; and her mother hadn't told about the thing that was the real bother; her mother hadn't said a word of what it really felt like. As Helen told this to Studs, he got all excited, and seemed to see her before him, melting and fading. He felt like he'd have to do something, and he was afraid to try.

"Say, wouldn't it be nicer back in the playhouse?" he said, keeping his voice under control as much as he could.

"We can't go back and sit there now. My sister Marion and her girl chums are in it," she said.

"Oh!" he said.

Nothing had seemed wrong in his asking, he guessed. So they sat there and talked. Helen asked him if he knew this Iris who took all kinds of guys up to her house when her mother wasn't home, and let them all have a gang-shag. Studs said he didn't know Iris, but he'd heard of her. Helen said that was going too far; it was like being a whore. Studs said yes.

But he wished he could horn in on one of those gang-shags.

Weary Reilley ambled around, and Helen grumbled a greeting to him. He asked if they'd seen Helen Borax, and they said no. Weary fooled around with the soccer ball, and they barbered about nothing in particular. Then they dribbled, one taking the ball, and the other two standing in a line to block the dribble. Weary had never played basketball, so he was awkward and clumsy and couldn't do the trick right. He went at it rough-and-tumble. He got sore because Helen could make such a monkey out of him. He finally lost his bean and dribbled head on into her, bucking her breasts with his football shoulders. It hurt her. She cried; she knew he had done it meanly and on purpose. She told him so, and he called her a liar. She slammed him in the mush with the ball, and his eyes watered.

"Listen," he said, preparing to rush her and let her have one.

Studs gripped Weary from the rear and held him in a firm clasp.

"Let me go, you sonofabitch," Weary yelled.

Studs flung Weary around and then faced him.

"Who's one?" asked Studs.

"Both of you, and she's a whore," said Weary.

"Why, Goddamn you," said Helen.

"Take that back," said Studs.

"From . . . you!" sneered Weary.

Weary socked Studs in the jaw; Studs' jaw flushed; Studs was confused; his breath came fast; maybe he was afraid; he had to fight; he forgot about everything but Weary in front of him. He hauled off and caught Weary on the knob with a wild right haymaker. They rushed into each other and swung. They broke their clinch and circled around. Weary rushed, and a wild uppercut that Studs had started from the ground a trifle before Weary had come in, caught Reilley on the button. Reilley was jogged back; he shook his head, and then walloped Studs with a left and right. But neither of them felt a lot. They fought, absorbed in punching each other. Every time they landed, a feeling of pleasure ran through them, pleasure at having done something physically successful. They fought, slugging, socking away, rushing, swinging with haymakers and wild swishing roundhouses.

From "The Way of All Flesh" by Samuel Butler

Published by E. P. Dutton and Company

From the points of view both of history and of psychological insight this thinly veiled autobiography holds a unique place in the literature of family life. It is one of the great forerunners of the modern psychological novel. But more than that, its frank and penetrating interpretation of the unconscious factors in parent-child conflicts, its unmasking of the parents' pious bullying and the boy's bitter helplessness are as valid today as in the Victorian setting of the narrative.

THAT night when he said his prayers, he inserted a few paragraphs to the effect that he might not be discovered, and that things might go well with Ellen, but he was anxious and ill at ease. His guilty conscience pointed out to him a score of weak places in his story, through any one of which detection might even yet easily enter. Next day and for many days afterward he fled when no man was pursuing, and trembled each time he heard his father's voice calling for him. He had already so many causes of anxiety that he could stand little more, and in spite of all his endeavors to look cheerful, even his mother could see that something was preying upon his mind. Then the idea returned to her that, after all, her son might not be innocent in the Ellen matter—and this was so interesting that she felt bound to get as near the truth as she could.

"Come here, my poor, pale-faced, heavy-eyed boy," she said to him one day in her kindest manner: "come and sit down by me, and we will have a little quiet confidential talk together, will we not?"

The boy went mechanically to the sofa. Whenever his mother wanted what she called a confidential talk with him she always selected the sofa as the most suitable ground on which to open her campaign. All mothers do this; the sofa is to them what the dining-room is to fathers. In the present case the sofa was particularly well adapted for a strategic purpose, being an old-fashioned one with a high back, mattress, bolsters, and cushions. Once safely penned into one of its deep corners, it was like a dentist's chair, not too easy to get out of again. Here she could get at him better to pull him about, if this should seem desirable, or if she thought fit to cry she could bury her head in the sofa cushion and abandon herself to an agony of grief which seldom failed of its effect. None of her favorite manoeuvers were so easily adopted in her usual seat, the armchair on the right hand side of the fireplace, and so well did her son know from his mother's tone that this was going to be a sofa conversation that he took his place like a lamb as soon as she began to speak and before she could reach the sofa herself.

"My dearest boy," began his mother, taking hold of his hand and placing it within her own, "promise me never to be afraid either of your dear papa or of me; promise me this, my dear, as you love me, promise it to me," and she kissed him again and again and stroked his hair. But with her other hand

First published in England by Grant Richard in 1903; present English publisher, Jonathan Cape, Ltd. First authorized American edition published by E. P. Dutton and Company in 1916. (Dutton publishes a standard edition and an "Everyman's Library" edition.)

she still kept hold of his; she had got him and she meant to keep him.

The lad hung down his head and promised. What else could he do?

"You know there is no one, dear, dear Ernest, who loves you so much as your papa and I do; no one who watches so carefully over your interests or who is so anxious to enter into all your little joys and troubles as we are; but, my dearest boy, it grieves me to think sometimes that you have not that perfect love for and confidence in us which you ought to have. You know, my darling, that it would be as much our pleasure as our duty to watch over the development of your moral and spiritual nature, but alas! you will not let us see your moral and spiritual nature. At times we are almost inclined to doubt whether you have a moral and spiritual nature at all. Of your inner life, my dear, we know nothing beyond such scraps as we can glean in spite of you, from little things which escape you almost before you know that you have said them."

The boy winced at this. It made him feel hot and uncomfortable all over. He knew well how careful he ought to be, and yet, do what he could, from time to time his forgetfulness of the part betrayed him into unreserve. His mother saw that he winced, and enjoyed the scratch she had given him. Had she felt less confident of victory she had better have foregone the pleasure of touching as it were the eyes at the end of the snail's horns in order to enjoy seeing the snail draw them in again—but she knew that when she had got him well down into the sofa, and held his hand, she had the enemy almost absolutely at her mercy, and could do pretty much what she liked.

"Papa does not feel," she continued, "that you love him with that fulness and unreserve which would prompt you to have no concealment from him, and to tell him everything freely and fearlessly as your most loving earthly friend next only to your Heavenly Father. Perfect love, as we know, casteth out fear: your father loves you perfectly, my darling, but he does not feel as though you loved him perfectly in return. If you fear him it is because you do not love him as he deserves, and I know it sometimes cuts him to the very heart to think that he has earned from you a deeper and more willing sympathy than you display toward him. Oh, Ernest, Ernest, do not grieve one who is so good and noble-hearted by conduct which I can call by no other name than ingratitude."

Ernest could never stand being spoken to in this way by his mother: for he still believed that she loved him, and that he was fond of her and had a friend in her—up to a certain point. But his mother was beginning to come to the end of her tether; she had played the domestic confidence trick upon him times without number already. Over and over again had she wheedled from him all she wanted to know, and afterward got him into the most horrible scrape by telling the whole to Theobald. Ernest had remonstrated more than once upon these occasions, and had pointed out to his mother how disastrous to him his confidences had been, but Christina had always joined issue with him and showed him in the clearest possible manner that in each case she had been right, and that he could not reasonably complain. Generally, it was her conscience that forbade her to be silent, and against this there was no appeal, for we are all bound to follow the dictates of our conscience. Ernest used to have to recite a hymn about conscience. It was to the effect that if you did not pay attention to its voice it would soon leave off speaking. "My Mamma's conscience has not left off speaking," said Ernest to one of his chums at Roughborough; "it's always jabbering."

When a boy has once spoken so disrespectfully as this about his mother's conscience it is practically all over between him and her. Ernest, through sheer force of habit, of the sofa, and of the return of the associated ideas, was still so moved by the siren's voice as to yearn to sail toward her, and fling himself into her arms, but it would not do; there were other associated ideas that returned also, and the mangled bones of too many murdered confessions were lying whitening round the skirts of his mother's dress, to allow him by any possibility to trust her further. So he hung his head and looked sheepish, but kept his own counsel.

"I see, my dearest," continued his mother, "either that I am mistaken, and that there is nothing on your mind, or that you will not unburden yourself to me: but oh, Ernest, tell me at least this much; is there nothing that you repent of, nothing which makes you unhappy in connection with that miserable girl Ellen?"

Ernest's heart failed him. "I am a dead boy now," he said to himself. He had not the faintest conception what his mother was driving at, and thought she suspected about the watch; but he held his ground. . . .

"I do not know what you mean, mamma," ex-

(*Continued on page 253*)

Childhood in Literature
A Suggested List of Novels and Biographies

THERE is probably no point in the work of the Bibliography Committee where there are so many enthusiastic *pros* and *cons* as in the discussion of novels and biographies. Out of all the literature dealing with childhood and family life, which books shall be included in a list devoted largely to more formal presentations of psychology, education, and child study? This question is one for which the Sub-Committee on "Childhood in Literature" has no final answer. Why, it is even tempted to add, stop with books—when plays and motion pictures often have the same quality of emotional insight? Recalling such productions as *The Children's Hour, The Silver Cord, Wednesday's Child, What Greater Glory, Maedchen in Uniform, Young Woodley, Mrs. Partridge Presents, Redhead,* and *La Maternelle,* to mention only a few—we wish that time and space permitted a more thorough search in these fields, too.

Since no list could ever pretend to offer an exhaustive survey of the literature on childhood, these selections are intended to be representative, rather than all-inclusive. The list has grown gradually and the books have been chosen by the Child Study Association's Bibliography Committee over a period of many years. They are, we think, authentic and genuinely successful interpretations of childhood and youth—in some cases, of family life as a whole. We suggest them as delightful and repaying reading—making no more pretentious claim, and realizing that other selections might well be added. The "readings" reprinted in this issue are perhaps in themselves the most convincing proof we can offer of the value of these literary contributions to our education as parents.

HELEN G. STERNAU, *Chairman,*
Sub-Committee on "Childhood in Literature"

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.....*1884
by Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) — Harper

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.....1875
by Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) — Harper

An American Tragedy.....1926
by Theodore Dreiser — Boni and Liveright

Autobiography.....1916
by Charles F. Adams — Houghton Mifflin

Autobiography, Memories and Reminiscences.....1904
by Moncure D. Conway — Out of print

The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens.....1931
Harcourt, Brace

The Awakening of Spring.....1910
by Frank Wedekind — Brown

Bloody Mary's.....1934
by Jeoffrey P. Dennis — Simon and Schuster

The Bloom of Life.....1923
by Anatole France — Dodd, Mead

A Boy's Town.....1890
by William Dean Howells — Harper

Brook Evans.....Reprint 1930
by Susan Glaspell — Burt

A Calendar of Sin.....1931
by Evelyn Scott — Harrison Smith

Changing Winds.....1918
by St. John Ervine — Macmillan

The Child in the House.....1909
by Walter Pater — Dodd, Mead

The Child Manuela.....1933
by Christa Winsloe — Farrar and Rinehart

Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth.....1899
by Leo Tolstoi — Crowell

The Colonel's Daughter.....1931
by Richard Aldington — Doubleday, Doran

Confessions.....1841
by Jean Jacques Rousseau — Blanchard

Education of Henry Adams.....1918
by Henry Adams — Houghton Mifflin

Father and Son.....1913
by Edmund Gosse — Scribner

Fortitude.....1913
by Hugh Walpole — Doubleday, Doran

The Gates of Life.....1923
by Edwin Bjorkman — Knopf

The Golden Age.....1895
by Kenneth Grahame — Dodd, Mead

The Grandmothers.....1927
by Glenway Wescott — Harper

Harry.....1923
by Neith Boyce — Out of print

A High Wind in Jamaica.....1930
by Richard Hughes — Harper

Homecoming.....1933
by Floyd Dell — Farrar and Rinehart

The Home-Maker.....1924
by Dorothy Canfield Fisher — Out of print

A Human Boy's Diary.....1924
by Eden Phillpotts — Macmillan

Ida Elizabeth.....1933
by Sigrid Undset — Knopf

Invitation to the Waltz.....1932
by Rosamund Lehman — Holt

Jean Christophe.....1913
by Romain Roland — Holt

Jeremy at Crale.....1927
by Hugh Walpole — Doubleday, Doran

Joan and Peter.....1918
by H. G. Wells — Macmillan

The Last Puritan.....1936
by George Santayana — Scribner

Life with Father.....1935
by Clarence Day — Knopf

Little Pierre.....1923
by Anatole France — Dodd, Mead

Look Homeward Angel.....1929
by Thomas Wolfe — Scribner

My Childhood.....1915
by Maxim Gorky — Century

My Little Boy.....1906
by Carl Ewald — Scribner

A New England Boyhood.....1900
by Edward Everett Hale — Little, Brown

Of Human Bondage.....1915
by W. Somerset Maugham — Doubleday, Doran

One Little Boy.....1924
by Hugh de Selincourt — Out of print

Ordinary Families.....1933
by E. Arnor-Robertson — Doubleday, Doran

Phillipa.....1930
by Anne Douglas Sedgewick — Houghton, Mifflin

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.....1916
by James Joyce — Modern Library

Salt.....1919
by Charles Norris — Dutton

Sentimental Tommy.....1896
by James M. Barrie — Scribner

Seventeen.....1916
by Booth Tarkington — Harper

Sons and Lovers.....1913
by D. H. Lawrence — Boni

The Soul of a Child.....1924
by Edwin Bjorkman — Knopf

The Story of a Child.....1901
by Pierre Loti (Trans. by Caroline F. Smith) — Birchard

The Story of My Boyhood and Youth.....1913
By John Muir — Houghton, Mifflin

Summer Holiday.....1932
by Sheila Kaye Smith — Harper

Tar: A Midwest Childhood.....1926
by Sherwood Anderson — Boni

A Testament of Youth.....1934
by Vera Brittain — Macmillan

Tommy and Grizel.....1900
by James M. Barrie — Scribner

Trott and His Little Sister.....1931
by Andre Lichtenberger — Viking

Understood Betsy.....1917
by Dorothy Canfield Fisher — Holt

The Unlit Lamp.....Reprint 1931
by Radcliff Hall — Grosset and Dunlap

The Wild Orchid.....1931
by Sigrid Undset — Knopf

* As far as possible the dates given in this list are those of first publication of the titles, and the publishers are those at present issuing the listed books. The books from which excerpts are reprinted in this issue are omitted from this list; for the data on these, consult the Contents Page.

Books for Parents and Teachers—1935-1936

Accepted for the Booklist of the Bibliography Committee of the Child Study Association

The Activity Program (275 pages).....$2.90
by A. Gordon Melvin — Reynal and Hitchcock. 1936

A Challenge to Secondary Education (353 pages)...$2.00
edited by Samuel Everett — D. Appleton-Century. 1935

Child Welfare Pamphlets: Narrative Supplements each, $.05
University of Iowa — 1935

The Church Against the World (156 pages).....$2.00
by R. Richard Niebuhr, W. Pauck, and F. Miller — Willett and Clark. 1935

Criteria for the Life History (288 pages).....$2.50
by John Dollard — Yale Univ. Press. 1935

Growth: A Study of Johnny and Jimmy (319 pages).$3.50
by Myrtle B. McGraw — D. Appleton-Century. 1935

Home School Relations (142 pages).....$1.00
by Sara E. Baldwin and Ernest G. Osborne — Progressive Education Assn. 1935

The Improvement of Reading (668 pages).....$2.50
by Arthur Gates — Macmillan. 1935

Leadership or Domination (354 pages).....$3.00
by Paul Pigors — Houghton, Mifflin. 1935

A Marriage Manual (334 pages).....$2.50
by Hannah Stone, M.D. and Abraham Stone, M.D. — Simon and Schuster. 1935

Modern Motherhood (293 pages).....$2.00
by Claude S. Heaton, M.D. — Farrar and Rinehart. 1935

Mother and Baby Care in Pictures (196 pages).....$1.00
by Louise Zabriskie — Lippincott. 1935

A Musical Companion (516 pages).....$3.00
edited by John Erskine — Knopf. 1935

New Pathways for Children with Cerebral Palsy (167 pages) $2.50
by G. Rogers and Leah Thomas — Macmillan. 1935

Nursery Education: Theory and Practice (365 pages) $3.50
by William E. Blatz, Dorothy Millichamp, and Margaret Fletcher — William Morrow. 1935

Organizations for Youth (359 pages).....$2.75
by Elizabeth R. Pendry and Hugh Hartshorne — McGraw-Hill. 1935

Parents' Questions (312 pages).....$2.00
by Staff Members of the Child Study Assn. Harper. 1936

Patterns of Culture (291 pages).....$2.50
by Ruth Benedict — Houghton, Mifflin. 1935

Practical Aspects of Psychoanalysis (223 pages)....$2.00
by Lawrence Kubie M.D. — W. W. Norton. 1936

Psychological Aspects of Child Development (45 pages) $.25
by Susan Isaacs — Evans Brothers, Ltd., London. 1935

Roots of Crime: Psychoanalytic Studies (305 pages) $3.00
by Franz Alexander and William Healy — Knopf. 1935

The School for the Child from Two to Eight (286 pages) $1.80
by Ilse Forest — Ginn. 1935

Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies (335 pages) $3.00
by Margaret Mead — William Morrow. 1935

Talks with Parents on Child Training (Memorial Volume)
by Edith D. Dixon — Extension Service, N. J. State College of Agriculture. 1935

Wayward Youth (236 pages).....$2.75
by August Aichhorn — Viking. 1935

News and Notes

Making the Most of the Long Vacation

One of the valuable by-products of recent emergency education programs in many parts of the country is the growing realization that the community's responsibility toward its children does not end when schools close for the summer. The importance of vacation, and the need of making the most of it especially for city children had been recognized by the Summer Play Schools Committee of the Child Study Association long before the depression brought it such wide public attention. In planning each season's activities, the Play School Committee works toward meeting the changing needs of children; to this end it each year reviews intensively its past experience and evaluates the possibilities and needs of further growth.

In the nearly twenty years of its history the Committee has already seen marked trends in the development of summer programs for children. Its first Play School was organized in 1917, during the World War, with the purpose of providing wholesome and meaningful activities for city-bound children from families with restricted resources of time and money. From that time on, the Committee has conceived of the Play School, not as a stop-gap for keeping idle children "out of mischief," but rather as a laboratory where the needs of the individual child might be met in terms of adventuring, of finding new interests and new skills.

In order to make possible these objectives, the Summer Play Schools Committee has introduced into the program purposeful activities centered about a unit of interest that is within the scope of the child's background and experience. The Play Schools have drawn upon the methods evolved by year-round progressive schools and have adapted these to meet summer situations. This point of view makes a particularly significant contribution, since the Play School serves children whose year-round opportunities for creative activity are perforce limited.

At present a large number of summer programs for children based on the Play School idea are being carried on in a wide variety of communities. Affiliation with the Child Study Association connotes the maintenance of certain standards of space, equipment, adequate lunch service (including social training), provision for rest, adaptation of the groups' plans to meet the basic principles of the activity program, and the inclusion of parent education and child guidance. There are a number of these affiliated Summer Play Schools in New York City and in some other large cities. In New York City the Board of Education gives invaluable cooperation through its allocation of a certain amount of teacher service. Other public and private agencies give aid in terms of their facilities and the needs of the schools.

The schools are for the most part organized in the more congested parts of the city, and the children are selected on the basis of individual needs. Registration is for the whole summer period of seven or eight weeks. Play Schools are in session week-days from nine to four-thirty. Wherever possible and weather permitting, activities are conducted out-of-doors. There is no teaching of academic subjects as such, except as their content—history, geography, reading, and writing—comes naturally into a project.

The organizations conducting Play Schools provide the building, equipment, supplies, director and additional staff, and food. The Summer Play Schools Committee acts in an advisory capacity on organization, budget, etc.; it gives the services of a specially qualified leader for pre-season teacher training and offers year-round parent education through an experienced staff member; throughout the summer it carries on interviews with the Play School personnel, and arranges staff visits and consultations. Publicity in the way of magazine articles, pamphlets, and news releases brings many inquiries from people in other communities concerned with the problem of the summer-time needs of children.

During the last two years, the Board of Education, with staff supplied by the WPA, has established many additional Play Schools which reach thousands of children. Adapting the idea initiated by the Summer Play Schools Committee, it has made available the use of many otherwise closed public school buildings and has supplemented the program with opportunities offered by city parks.

As these new and extensive programs develop, the Summer Play Schools Committee continues to function as an agency for demonstrating the adaptation of the Play School idea to changing conditions, with particular emphasis on such features of its program as parent education, physical and emotional health, and the more significant aspects of the activity program. By integrating community resources, the Committee

also focuses an ever-widening public attention upon making the vacation a vital experience in the child's life.* V. A. J.

Summer Conferences for Parents and Teachers

Conferences on almost every phase of education from early childhood up to adult years are to be held during the summer in many parts of the country, and will offer parents and teachers unusual opportunities of keeping in touch with current educational trends. Some of those for which announcements have been received are the following:

The NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS will hold its Fortieth Annual Convention in Milwaukee, May 11-15. The conference theme will be "The Relation of the Home to Character Formation." Two special features will be Governor Phillip LaFollette's speech entitled "Of Human Needs," and the Youth Conference at which high school and college boys and girls will have opportunity to "talk back" at their elders.

The AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR ADULT EDUCATION will have its Tenth Anniversary Meeting in New York, May 18-21. The program will cover every aspect of adult education—in relation to public schools, libraries, colleges, prisons, settlements, clubs, museums, the theater, and the Federal Adult Education Program.

Social welfare in its broader aspects will be discussed at the Sixty-third Annual Meeting of the NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK, in Atlantic City, May 24-30. The following topics suggest the range of its program: "Democracy at the Crossroads," "International Peace and the Common Good," "Government and the Common Welfare."

THE NEW YORK STATE CONFERENCE ON MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY will hold its first statewide conference in New York, June 5-6. Its purpose is to bring the family into the foreground of social concern and to focus attention on ways to anticipate and prevent breakdowns in marriage and family life. The speakers will include Governor Herbert H. Lehman and representatives of organizations in parent education and related fields.

THE TENTH IOWA CONFERENCE ON CHILD DEVELOPMENT AND PARENT EDUCATION will be held in Iowa City, June 16-18, under the auspices of the Iowa State Research Station. Leaders from every part of the country will participate in the discussion which will be centered on the topic "Education for Family Life."

The National Council of the YMCA announces the FIRST HI-Y CONGRESS, at Berea, Kentucky, June 20-24. It will be attended by more than one thousand students from all over the country, who will discuss with outstanding leaders of youth such issues as War and Peace, Drinking, Racial Distinctions, Economic Recovery, and Boy and Girl Relationships.

"Education Moving Forward" is the topic of the Seventy-Fourth Annual Convention of the NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION, which will be held in Portland, Oregon, June 28-July 2. One of the outstanding features of the program will be a discussion of the problems of integrating education and democracy, which Agnes Samuelson, President of the Association, characterizes as "the greatest issue of the present crisis."

The AMERICAN HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION will hold its Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting at Seattle, Washington, July 6-10. The program will cover the relation of home economics to significant national movements, and its contribution to family relationships, as well as to special problems of home management.

Inexpensive Books for Children

The increasing production of children's books in inexpensive editions is recognized as an important factor in the wider dissemination of good literature for young people. Not only reprints of old favorites but new books for all ages and interests are making their appearance in really good editions at prices ranging from ten cents to a dollar. To help parents and libraries in making their selections, the Children's Book Committee of the Child Study Association has prepared, and revised to date a list of *Inexpensive Books for Children,* including a wide range of ages, from picture books to adult literature suitable for adolescent reading. The American Library Association has also compiled a list of *Inexpensive Books for Boys and Girls.* Other helpful listings are: *Inexpensive Books for School Libraries,* U. S. Bureau of Education; and *Good Ten-Cent Books for Children,* State Department of Education, New York.

Institute of Euthenics

The Summer Institute of Euthenics for the study of the family will hold its eleventh session from July 2-August 13, at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York, offering parents, teachers, and others interested in questions of family relationships a real vacation as well as a time for study. A special course for teachers interested in a twenty-four-hour program for young children offers ample opportunity to observe and to participate in The Children's School, for children from two to eight whose parents attend the Institute. Other courses cover child development, child guidance, mental hygiene, physiology and nutrition, interior decoration, household technology, parent education leadership, and "The Family and a Changing Society." Participation and instruction in arts, crafts, and sports are also offered. For full information write the Director.

* For a more detailed description of the Summer Play Schools and the Committee's work, see the article on "The Long Vacation," by Adele S. Mossler and Josette Frank in the April issue of *Progressive Education* (reviewed on page 254). Reprints may be secured from the Child Study Association on request.

New Nature Books for Children

Over in the Meadow.....$2.00
illustrated by John Anthony Hartell Harper. 1936
A unique and charming presentation of an old nursery poem becomes a truly exquisite picture-book of meadow creatures and their young. The little poem has long been a favorite in its own right; but the crayon drawings which it has inspired make a book of outstanding beauty and quality, which may well be treasured through generations of children.

Now for Creatures (130 pages).....$2.00
by Shelby Shackelford Scribner. 1936
Creatures—the common or garden variety—are described in this excellent handbook for children of eight to twelve. The author brings together information about those familiar creatures which children encounter wherever they may be—caterpillars and butterflies, ants, frogs, and turtles. The material is well selected, confining itself to the most significant and interesting facts of habitat, development and habits. The clear and lively presentation, together with the attractive illustrations, will commend the book to the child with even a casual interest.

Mountain Neighbors (156 pages).....$1.50
by Edith M. Patch and Carroll Lane Fenton
Macmillan. 1936
Intensely human and appealing are these tales about an assortment of mountain creatures that are not so well known to most of us. In fourteen dramatic short stories and faithfully drawn illustrations, these two naturalists, who know so well how to write for young children, have created a picture of mountain wild life that is at once fascinating, sympathetic, and authentic.

Zoo.....$1.25
compiled by Jocelyn Oliver Oxford Univ. Press. 1936
Animals from remote corners of the earth are presented in this photographic collection gathered from many sources. The camera has caught them in most appealing poses, including mother animals delightfully busy with their young.

Farm on the Hill (78 pages).....$2.00
by Madeline Darrough Horn, illustrated by Grant Wood
Scribner. 1936
Two children's summer experiences on a farm serve as a background for superb pictures. When a distinguished artist turns his gifts to illustrations for children the resulting enrichment of the children's pleasure transcends even a somewhat dull text.

The Children Make a Garden (70 pages).....$1.50
by Dorothy H. Jenkins Doubleday, Doran. 1936
For the child who wants to garden here is a beginners' book of instructions that is both practical and inviting. The author is quite evidently an experienced teacher of her subject, for she covers every step in orderly and workmanlike fashion, anticipating all the likely questions. Her garden plans, like her instructions, are simple and easy to follow, and the whole arrangement and set-up will beckon the young enthusiast to begin at once.

Green Grows the Garden (117 pages).....$1.50
by Margery Bianco Macmillan. 1936
"As one gardener to another," a seasoned gardner "talks over" her favorite hobby for the benefit of anyone who cares to listen—and what garden enthusiast will not? Practical gardening hints are here aplenty—when, where, and what to plant (indoors and out), when to weed, how to avoid disappointment and fatigue. But chiefly, this gay little book is a sharing of the author's adventures and enthusiasms for green and growing things.

Through the Telescope (220 pages).....$2.75
by Edward Arthur Fath Whittlesey. 1936
The salient facts and most interesting theories of modern astronomy are presented for the lay reader with satisfying clarity and brevity. Describing the great Lick and Mt. Wilson observatories with their magnificent telescopes, Professor Fath tells us what the observer may find revealed thereby. The many fine photographs contribute greatly to the clarity of the text.

Men and Mountains (320 pages).....2.50
by M. Ilin Lippincott. 1935
"Man's Victory Over Nature" is the subtitle of this latest book by the gifted Russian, who knows how to translate the most complex technical material into language for young readers. The present volume is a new kind of human geography, which depicts the earth's surface and everything that grows thereon as it changes under the skilled hand of man—engineer, geologist, and agriculturist. How man reclaims deserts to gardens, transforms plant life, alters sea levels, influences weather—these make not only for thrilling reading but for widening social appreciations as well.

From "The Way of All Flesh"

(*Continued from page 248*)

claimed Ernest anxiously and more or less hurriedly. His mother construed his manner into indignation at being suspected, and being rather frightened herself she turned tail and scuttled off as fast as her tongue could carry her.

"Oh!" she said, "I see by your tone that you are innocent! Oh! oh! how I thank my Heavenly Father for this; may He for His dear Son's sake keep you always pure. Your father, my dear" (here she spoke hurriedly but gave him a searching look), "was as pure as a spotless angel when he came to me. Like him, always be self-denying, truly truthful both in word and deed, never forgetful whose son and grandson you are, nor of the name we gave you, of the sacred stream in whose waters your sins were washed out of you through the blood and blessing of Christ," etc.

But Ernest cut this—I will not say short—but a great deal shorter than it would have been if Christina had had her say out, by extricating himself from his mamma's embrace and showing a clean pair of heels.

In the Magazines

Bad Marks—Why? By Eleanor Ritchie. Delineator, May, 1936.

Bad marks at school and behavior problems are often due to reading difficulties. The findings of Drs. Gates and Orton concerning reverse reading are described in simple terms and accepted remedial methods are suggested.

Books to Read Aloud. By Mary Esther Dykema. Parent-Teacher Magazine, April, 1936.

Reading aloud is discussed as a family pastime—with descriptions of some of the books one family enjoyed together.

Children as Future Homemakers. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Parent-Teacher Magazine, April, 1936.

A child's preparation for marriage and parenthood takes place day by day, in his own home. The attitudes of his parents—expressed in word and deed, in tone of voice and facial expression, build up gradually a body of subconscious impressions which will influence the child all his life.

Education on a Mountain. By Louis Adamic. Also Another Consociate Family. By Bernard De Voto. Harpers, April, 1936.

A highly enthusiastic lay account of the aims and methods of Black Mountain College, a small experimental group which broke away from Rollins College some three years ago; and a carefully considered reply by an educator who finds these methods neither so new nor so hopeful.

Exploration of the Child of High Intelligence Quotient. By Paul A. Witty. Educational Method, March, 1936.

Society is neglecting its richest asset—gifted children. The usual school curriculum is not adequate for developing self-direction and continuous intellectual growth in exceptionally bright children. And we render them no special service by proclaiming a new prodigy or genius each time some teacher or psychologist stumbles upon a boy or girl with an unusually high I.Q.

Guidance for Continuous Growth. Childhood Education, April, 1936.

An entire issue devoted to this topic, including articles by Alice V. Keliher, Catherine W. Brackett, Martin P. Chevorowsky, Magaretta R. Vorhees, Charles I. Lambert, and Lois Barclay Murphy. In challenging some of the generally accepted nursery school aims—particularly the playing down of emotion in the life of the child—Mrs. Murphy will find sympathetic response from many parents and parent educators who have long questioned these attitudes.

How to Make Children Like You. By Ethel A. Maynahan. Woman's Home Companion, March, 1936.

A plea for informality, courtesy, and sincerity in the adult's approach to the strange child. Children don't like to be cross-questioned, teased, laughed at, or treated with condescension—any more than adults do.

The Long Vacation. By Adele S. Mossler and Josette Frank. Progressive Education, April, 1936.

A program of all-day care for city children during the summer vacation, as demonstrated in Summer Play Schools in New York City, points to the community's responsibility and opportunities in summer planning for its children.

Ten Fashionable Boarding Schools for Girls. Fortune, April, 1936.

These schools, the author believes, give pupils about what their parents want them to have in the way of social, athletic, and scholastic training. They are taught nothing about men, marriage, or the problems of home-making, although almost all of them marry within a few years of graduation. "Most girls graduate from boarding school," says the author, "with the impression that their natural interest in boys is a little idea of their own."

While Your Child Is Convalescing. By Florence Therbon. Hygeia, April, 1936.

Many practical suggestions for entertaining bedridden children with simple and readily obtainable materials and equipment.

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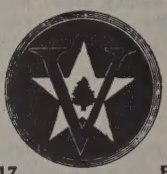

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CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION

221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Beginnings of Genius

(*Continued from page 229*)

A very happy, self-possessed and competent girl of twelve writes, "Have you ever felt that you have lost something? Something, you know not what, that is indispensable to you? Sometimes when I am seemingly engrossed in some game or study, I am unconsciously groping in space for something I have lost and cannot find. Sometimes when I am reading what I call an awfully nice book, I awake with a start to find my thoughts wandering miles away—searching for something—that lost something."

The cynic will remark the "awfully nice book" and will suggest that the "something" is found in the next composition. This is from a girl of eleven describing a walk home from school:

"Then, if you are very lucky, that certain he, whose voice makes your digestive organs stop working, whose eyes make you feel like an insipid cow, and whose handshake sends needles up and down your veins, asks to walk home with you. If he does not see fit to escort you home, the rest of the day becomes a mechanical passing of the minutes."

We find, too, a gentle sunny small boy who writes, "Most of anything in the world I love power. It is something I crave. I want to manage, because then I am the center, superior, and powerful."

And I cannot resist quoting the boy of thirteen who writes, "A grown-up is a person who is always busy about not very much, and she usually has two children, a colored maid, and headaches."

These quotations are a reminder of the depths of feeling in every child. The readjustment of the particular child to his own young world must come from without as well as from within, from physical home and social surroundings, from an adult atmosphere of confidence and happiness. Few stormy adolescents believe all they read and are told about the grown-up world; they have had too clear a close-up of reality. They see their parents "as they are really, not as they are socially." They want, just as the baby wants, something which expresses that complicated, secret, personal life-force they sense within themselves. If they could truly release it—in words, in work, in music—much might be saved, and we might have our geniuses.

Do we assume in our education, that we are searching for that release? Are we offering children the chance—if they have the courage and the capacity for it—to lead the thrilling, bitter, lonely, yet glorious life of the genius? Of course we are not. Perhaps we are too modest about our children or about ourselves; perhaps we just don't know how. Or perhaps we adults are too afraid to offer them the chance of living and learning with the richness of real experience. The message of De la Mare's book is that what is negative is the fear of the difficult, the mistrust of the rare and wonderful, and that what count with children are all the subconscious accretions of everyday—all the building on innate powers of mind, energy, heart, memory, and therefore imagination.